FIFTY ODD WINTERS AN' MORE.

Tell ye of what I was thinkin'? Now really
there ain't much to tell;
I's settin' here lookin' at Mandy, an' think-
in' of—thinkin' of—well,
I's thinkin' we'd lived here together for
fifty good winters, an' more,
An' neither, like some I could mention, has
grown to think 'tother a bore;
An' I thought o' that fangle, divorces,
where people that chank at th' bit
Go to law with all manner of stories, for
gettin' their hitchin' line split;
An' I thought how we'd worked in th' har-
ness a lovin' each other th' more,
For knowin' that neither was perfect, an'
knowin' what 'tother one bore.
Yes, Mandy an' I in th' forties started out
to travel this road,
An' we didn't start out without knowin'
that each one had shouldered a load;
Nor we didn't start out on th' journey a
smirkin' and thinkin' we'd done
The cunnin'est thing in creation, with a
future all honey an' fun;
An' we didn't start out in a mansion, with
a mortgage some twenty feet long;
But we shouldered our load an' looked
happy, an' mingled some work with
our song.
Thinkin' of? Well, I was thinkin' that
Mandy, who used to be fair,
Is fairer now with her wrinkles, than she
is in that picture up there;
Fairer now in th' autumn, with her tresses
all drifted with snow,
Than she was as a pink an' white maiden,
some fifty odd winters ago.

An' that wasn't all by a jugful, somehow
there's a picture I see
Of me when first I saw Mandy, an' Mandy
when first she saw me;
An' then as time journeys onward, I can
see her one night at th' bars,
As I passed by with a greetin', an' her eyes
wandered off to th' stars;
An' then th' picture gets jumbled, an' all
I can see is her face
Crowned by a heavenly halo, a God given
message of grace.
An' after that life was in earnest, an' its
burdens were not over light,
But we both gave a hand to th' towrope, an'
measured our hearts with the fight.
So th' years passed on—they were merry,
with sometimes a good bit of sad,
But we never thought much of complain-
in', an' we couldn't found time if we
had.
Thinkin' of? Well, I was thinkin' that
Mandy, who always was fair,
Was never so sweet as this minute, with
th' snow drifts laid in her hair;
An' I's thinkin'—I's thinkin' that maybe if
I was to go th' long road
Ere th' Lord saw fit to call Mandy, 'twere
a pity to double her load;
An' then I was thinkin' how maybe that
Mandy might journey ahead,
An' leave me alone in my sorrow, alone
with my beautiful dead;
An' then I couldn't help praying that may-
be th' good Lord would see
It was best that He call us together, my
Mandy, my sweetheart an' me.

—Walter M. Hazeltine, in Good House-keeping.

A CASE IN EQUITY.

BY FRANCIS LYNDE.

XI.

IN THE NAME OF THE LAW.

After dinner Duncan went in search of the old mountaineer and Thorndyke shut himself in his room to finish the letter begun the previous evening. He went about it leisurely, placing the table in front of an open window and sitting where the sweet afternoon breeze might blow in his face as he wrote. Between the sentences he stopped often, weighing and turning the words until they fitted his purpose; which was to make this latest letter to his mother as one with those preceding it. This preserving of the unities proved to be less difficult than he had thought it would be. The new determination was but a suckling as yet, and the turning of a fresh leaf in the book of resolutions is, in any event, only a beginning. Besides, one's mother is always the first to accept a show of frankness as a substitute for the real quality, and Mrs. Thorndyke would have found reasons for refusing to believe Philip if he had told her the plain truth.

The window in the attic bedroom looked out upon the stretch of yellow road leading to Allacoochee, and in one of the inter-sentence pauses Philip saw two horsemen ride over the crest of the spur which shut off the view of the lower valley. They halted among the trees on the hillside, and one of them pointed to the farmhouse, while the other took something from his pocket and went through the motions of a man drinking from a bottle. Philip watched them listlessly until, at the end of a full minute, his curiosity awoke to comment upon the phenomenal thirst of the man who still sat like an equestrian statue with arm bent and head thrown back. There was a field-glass hanging in its case on the wall, and when Philip took it down and focused it upon the statuesque horseman the mystery speedily took another form. The man was not drinking; he was examining the house and the adjacent mountain through a glass not unlike the one in whose field Philip was observing him.

Thorndyke's first thought was of Kilgrow and his persecutors, but before he could form a plan for warning the old mountaineer the two horsemen rode down to the house, and he heard one of them ask Mrs. Duncan if the road led to Alta Springs, a village on the western slope of John's mountain. Since the question appeared to explain the reconnaissance, Philip let his suspicions lapse, and straightway forgot the incident when the travelers had ridden on.

He had finished his letter, and was beginning to wonder if Duncan would succeed in finding Kilgrow, when he heard voices below, followed by stumbling footsteps on the stairs, and Duncan entered with the old mountaineer.

"This is auld Johnnie Keelgrow, Master Thorndyke," he said, presenting his companion with a perpendicular gesture which seemed to call attention to Kilgrow's great height. "I just made free to fess him till yer ain room, wnaur ye could hae it oot wi' him in private."

"That was right—I'm glad to meet you, Mr. Kilgrow. Sit down, both of you, and let me ask a few questions."

The mountaineer folded his thin length upon the edge of a chair, but Duncan stood irresolute. "I'm no sae ower rash, mysel', Master Thorndyke, as ye ken, but auld Johnnie here is mair captious than the canniest Scot o' them a'. D' ye think, now, he winna set foot in the house till he maks me promise to pit mysel' on guard on the doorstane!"

Duncan's dissatisfaction with any arrangement that excluded him from a share in the conference was very evident, but Thorndyke judged wisely that his client would be less embarrassed if the inquisitive Scot were out of the way, and he commended the precaution.

"It's well enough to be careful, Mr. Duncan; we're not likely to spoil our chances of success by being over-prudent."

"That's gude seasonable Scotch sense, d' ye ken that, Johnnie, man?" said Duncan, forgetting for the moment that he had been arguing on the other side of the question. "Ye maun just open yer min' freely to Master Thorndyke; he's an auld heid, if he does gang aboot on young shouthers."

Kilgrow nodded, and Thorndyke's heart warmed toward the old man when he was at leisure to read the story of privation and distress written so plainly on the thin face and in the restless eyes. It was some sense of the need for encouragement that prompted him to speak first in terms of assurance.

"Duncan has told me all about your case, Mr. Kilgrow, and I want you to believe me when I say that you're in no danger whatever of prosecution on the old charge of brandy-making. If you were arrested to-day I could clear you to-morrow. You shouldn't have run away in the beginning."

The old man resented the imputation upon his courage. "I reckon yo'-uns 'd run, too, 'ith th'ee 'r four of 'em a-poppin' at ye 'ith the'r rifles."

"Perhaps I should, after it got that far along; but I should have gone quietly with the officers at first and fought it out in court."

Kilgrow shook his head dubiously. "The law hain't fer a pore man like me."

"That's just where you're mistaken; the law is for everyone, and we couldn't do anything in the present case without it. But that's neither here nor there. What I want to impress on your mind is this: You are in no danger whatever from the United States authorities, but you are in danger from these fellows who have taken your land, and they will leave no stone unturned to make Alabama too hot to hold you."

"D'ye reckon not?"

"I know it; and before I take hold of your case I want to know if you are willing to trust me fully in everything, doing exactly what I tell you, whether you understand the reason for it or not."

"I reckon I cayn't do no dif'rent, 'ith them fellers a-huntin 'me all the time."

"Yes, you could; they'll give you plenty of chances to upset the whole thing before I'm through with them, and I want to be sure that you'll do nothing without first consulting me. Will you promise that?"

The old man held up a thin trembling hand. "You-uns is a lawyer; you-uns kin sw'ar me, ef so be ye likes."

"That's all right; I only want to be certain that you understand that point. Now, about the damages. How much do you think you ought to have?"

Kilgrow wrestled with the question and then looked up inquiringly. "I done tol' Jim Cates, oncet, that he mought tek that thar patch o' layn' an' welcome fer $2,000. I hain't a-keerin' so ve'y much now ef them fellers'd on'y quit pesterin' me, but ef so be ye mought git that much out'n hit—"

"That's about what I expected," interrupted Thorndyke, "and it's precisely what I wanted to guard against. Why, man, you could walk down to Allacoochee this minute and get twice that for a quit-claim for the mere asking! Set your figure at what you think you ought to have when I tell you that they're selling your land at five hundred dollars for a strip a foot wide and a hundred feet long."

The problem was too abstruse for the old mountaineer, and he shook his head helplessly.

"Very well, then; are you willing to leave the amount to me?"

"I reckon I cayn't do no better."

"Then we'll consider that settled. Now, one more question. Have you ever signed any papers for Cates or anyone else?"

"I reckon not."

Thorndyke was unfamiliar with the mountain idiom, and he pressed the question again. "I want you to think and be sure."

Once more the tremulous hand went up. "I 'low you-uns kin sw'ar me."

Philip smiled and said: "That isn't necessary. I suppose you'd be sure to remember it if you had?"

"I reckon so, long's I cayn't write none."

"That's all, then; and for the present, I merely want you to keep out of their way. Have nothing to say to strangers and don't pay any attention to any messages from me or from anyone else unless Duncan or Elsie brings them to you. Does anybody besides the Duncans know about your place up here in the Pocket?"

"I reckon they's mighty few."

"So much the better. Go back there and stay quietly until you hear from me. It may take me a month, or even longer, to find out what I want to know in Allacoochee."

Kilgrow understood that he was dismissed, but he hesitated, laboring with a statement that he did not know how to make. Thorndyke tried to help him. "Was there anything else?" he asked.

"Seem' like thar ort to be; 'bout you-uns' pay—I hain't got nothin on the face o' the yeth—"

"Never mind about that; if we win there'll be money enough for both of us."

Kilgrow went dumb again, trying to find words to measure his gratitude. Before they came there was a clattering of hoofs in the road, and then crunching footsteps on the graveled walk leading up to the house. There was a dormer window in Thorndyke's room, and its gable projected above the front door of the farmhouse. The sash was up and the sounds from below came sharply to the two men in the upper room.

"I've got a warrant for John Kilgrow"—Philip recognized the voice as that of the man who had asked the way of Mrs. Duncan—"and I'll have to trouble ye, Mr. Duncan."

At the mention of his name the old mountaineer started and would have thrown himself out of the other window if Thorndyke had not promptly seized him. "Don't be afraid—they can't touch you. Sit down and listen."

"An' who's this John Keelgrow that ye're speerin' after in my house? There's naebody wi' that name bides here."

"I know all 'bout that, and I know, too, that this same John Kilgrow's in this here house now. I don't want to make no trouble for ye, but I reckon ye know what all it means when the law says for ye to come down."

"Show yer warrant."

"That's for Kilgrow."

"Wha kens that? Ye'll no gang in this door till ye show me the bit paper."

"Mr. Duncan, I'm a dep'ty United States ma'shal; I reckon ye'd better stand to one side and lemme do my duty."

"Deputy or no deputy, ye'll no win intil this house forby the askin' or a weel-drawn search-warrant" — there was the sound of an opening door—"Elsie, bairn, fess me the auld rifle."

The pawing of the horses at the gate filled the silence until the door closed and Duncan spoke again: "Noo, then, ye limmers, I gie ye baith fair warnin.' I'm on my ain door-stane, an' ye'll show yer warrant or come on at yer ain peril."

Thorndyke peered between the slats of the closed shutters, and saw the two men fall back a few steps to hold a council of war. While they were talking, another horseman came in sight at the top of the hill, and a moment later Protheroe rode up to the gate and dismounted. He nodded to the intruders as he passed them, and Thorndyke was surprised to see them hurry to their horses and ride away toward Allacoochee. The hasty retreat was explained when Protheroe came up the walk.

"Good evening, Mr. Duncan. Are you out gunning for our friends?"

"Na, na, then," said Duncan, in tones of expostulation; "ye'd no be eemplicatin' auld Jamie Duncan for resistin' the officers o' the law, would ye, Robbie?"

"What officers? Those fellows? They're no more officers than you are. What were they trying to do?"

Duncan took the engineer into the house, and his reply was lost to the listeners in the room above. Thorndyke turned to the old mountaineer. "You see, now, Mr. Kilgrow, what these men will do. Your safety lies in keeping out of their reach. Come with me and I'll let you out the back way."

When Kilgrow had gone, Thorndyke went down to the sitting-room, but

The old man would have thrown himself out of the window.

neither there, nor afterwards at supper, did Duncan or Protheroe refer to the unwelcome visitors; and Thorndyke knew that the wary Scot had succeeded in satisfying Protheroe's curiosity without implicating Kilgrow.

The young engineer brought letters for Philip, one of which was reserved to be read in the privacy of the attic bedroom. It was from Helen, and Philip's conscience bit him when he tore it open. Then he smiled at his misgivings as he read through the closely-written pages.

"The Mortons were here to dinner last night," she wrote, "and they wanted to know all about you; where you were and what you were doing. You know best how little we could tell them, but they thought it odd that you should prefer the wilds of Alabama in summer to Lenox or Newport. They have taken a cottage just below us for the season, and Derrick Morton has brought his yacht around from Mount Desert—I won't say Bar Harbor. That is gossip of the time and place, and I could fill pages with it, but I suppose you care for none of these things now. And really I don't know just what you do care for; you seem farther away in Alabama than you would if you were in Europe; but I fancy that is because we are so utterly unfamiliar with your present surroundings.

"One thing I must tell you, however. A few of us here—Derrick Morton, the Van Ruyter girls, Arthur Haxtell and his brother Tom, Dorothy and John Berkeley, and one more—have undertaken to redeem the frivolities of our corner of Newport by forming a reading circle. We read none but new authors, and then we pick them to pieces with a refinement of criticism that would humble the most conceited beginner if he could only hear us. I think it's a pity that some of them can't; don't you? I wish you could be here to help us. I believe you would make a distressingly acute inquisitor, and the fact that you once tried your hand at authorship would lend a peculiar zest to your censure, if it be true that the best critics are the unsuccessful writers. Apropos, what ever became of your much-rejected manuscript? I should like to submit it as the effort of one of the submerged.

"I suppose you have no present thought of coming back to civilization. From what you say in your letters I infer that you are enjoying yourself, after some primitive fashion, and, better than all else, that your health is improving. Because I can believe the latter, I can continue to spare you while the need exists; and since the separation has to be, it is better that we should bear it contentedly. I should be sorry to have the good effect of Dr. Perevin's prescription marred by any repining of mine, and so long as you feel that the out-of-door life is helping you, I hope you will not let any strained sense of your duty to your mother or to me make you abridge it. We shall get along famously without our preux chevalier, and you are not to suppose that we are obliged to go about uncared for because you happen to be buried in the forests of Alabama.

"Write often, if you feel like it, but don't let it become a bore. There is nothing more dreadful than having to write to some one when you want to do something else. Affectionately, as always, HELEN.

"P. S.—I have been invited to join a party on Derrick Morton's yacht, and if you don't hear from me again for two or three weeks, you'll know I have accepted and that post offices are not to be had for the asking."

Philip put the letter down with a smile that was more than half a sneer. When one sets out to make himself the advocate of an unworthy cause, mental short-sightedness stands ready to distort and confuse the judgment; and in the case of a letter, the dispassionate formalism of written language lends itself easily to inferential misconstruction.

"How could I ever have fancied that she had any warmth or depth apart from the intellectual side of her character?" he asked himself. "I'm sure I don't know, any more than I know why I always took it for granted that we were divinely appointed to be the component parts of that mysterious creation which the marriage service declares to be one person, but which all experience says is still more than ever two. Could Elsie Duncan write such a letter as that to the man she loves? Would she turn neat phrases and—— Bah! the comparison is absurd! And yet, on the other hand, it isn't fair to blame Helen because I don't happen to be the one man in the universe who is capable of calling out the best there is in her; and I don't blame her. She may find the right man yet; it's barely possible this cruise in Morton's yacht will turn out to be more nearly a divine appointment than an agreement made by our fathers while we were in swaddling-clothes."

Thus Philip, in a plausible attempt to justify himself. How should he know that the cool and dispassionate letter was only a part and parcel of the hard task Helen had set herself in the beginning? How was he to guess that she had steadily resolved from the first to say nothing that would tempt him to turn back to his hurt? By what inner prescience should he have been enabled to read between the lines the passionate yearning that was so resolutely effaced in the written words? As he stood at his window looking out into the calm stillness of the moonlit night, what good angel was there to tell him that at another window in far-off New England the writer of that letter knelt with wet eyes, beseeching the Merciful One to protect and preserve the absent lover? There was none; nor was there any inward monitor to hint that propinquity, the charm of an innocent face, and a simple outpouring of womanly sympathy had united with his own moral and physical weakness to turn him aside from the plain way of rectitude and honor.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Must Be an Astrologer.

Ignorant people think that an astronomer is also an astrologer. Sir John Herschel once received a letter asking him to cast the writer's horoscope. Another letter-writer requested the distinguished astronomer to consult the stars and answer these two questions: "Shall I marry?" and "Have I seen her?" Maria Mitchell records in her journal that on an Atlantic steamer an Irishwoman, learning that she was an astronomer, asked her what she could tell. Miss Mitchell answered that she could tell when the moon would rise, when the sun would rise, and when there would be an eclipse of the moon or of the sun. "Oh!" exclaimed the disappointed woman, in a tone which plainly said: "Is that all?" She expected to have her fortune told. Once in a town not far from Boston, during a very mild winter, a lad, driving a team, called out to Miss Mitchell on the street, saying: "I want to ask you a question, Miss Mitchell!" She stopped. He asked: "Shall we lose our ice crop this winter?"—Youth's Companion.

Bad for Epicures.

It frequently happens that those epicures who dally with the toothsome pate de foie gras are afflicted with gastric troubles to such an extent that life becomes a burden and they would willingly fill themselves with husks, after the manner of the prodigal, if they could secure relief thereby. This delicacy is made of the enlarged livers of geese, and in order to aggravate the affliction of the goose and get larger livers, it is the custom to feed the bird quantities of a certain variety of sorrel which contains an excess of binoxalate of potash. This chemical gets into the goose's liver, causes hypertrophy of that organ, and is the prime cause of the epicure's stomach ache.—Chicago Tribune.

"Capt. A.'s Company."

An English journal tells an amusing anecdote concerning a wealthy Irish lady whose summer house is situated near a garrison town in Ireland. A few days ago she sent an invitation to Capt. A—— to take tea with her, saying that "the pleasure of Capt. A——'s company is respectfully requested," etc. To her astonishment she received by an orderly the following note: "Enlisted men John and Smith have been detailed to do guard duty, but the remainder of Capt. A——'s company accept with pleasure Mrs. N——'s polite invitation."—Chicago Tribune.

Willing to Take Less.

"See here, young man," said the stern parent, "I have satisfied myself that you want my daughter because she is to have a million in her own right."

"Just to show you that I'm not mercenary, and to make future family relations more pleasant, I'll compromise here and now at 75 cents on the dollar."—Detroit Free Press.

Sudden Deaths.

There is only one sudden death among women to eight among men.

VIVISECTION IN ENGLAND.

How the English Statute Works—Points For and Against.

A return was lately issued on showing the number of experiments performed on living animals during the year 1896, under licenses granted under the act 39 and 40 Vict., c. 77. It relates to England and Scotland. The number of persons who held licenses was 236, of whom 70 made no experiments. The names of all licensed places are given in a table, and tabular evidence is afforded, establishing these points: (1) That licenses and certificates have been granted only on the recommedation of persons of high scientific standing; (2) that the licensees are persons who, by their training and education, are fitted to undertake experimental work, and to profit by it, and (3) that all experimental work has been conducted in suitable places. There is also a table showing the number and nature of the experiments performed, and specifying whether these were done under license alone or under any special certificate, so that the public may judge which experiments, if any, were of a painful nature. From previous reports it has appeared that the only experiments performed without anaesthetics are of the nature of inoculations or hypodermic injections. These, says the medical inspector for the home office, Dr. G. V. Poore, are now, in order to lessen any chance of misapprehension, placed in a class by themselves. According to the report, the process of inoculation is inadequately provided for in the act of parliament.

"It would be cruel rather than otherwise to anaesthetize an animal before subjecting it to the trivial operation of a prick with a needle, and yet the wording of the act is such that the administration of anaethetics can in no case be dispensed with except by a certificate (A) stating that 'insensibility cannot be produced without necessarily frustrating the objects of such experiments. Notwithstanding that the wording of certificate A is not wholly applicable to the circumstances, it is nevertheless allowed for inoculations."

The large increase of inoculations and allied experiments which has been noticeable for the last few years is, says the report, likely to continue. The discovery of antitoxins has necessitated a large number of inoculation experiments, as these remedies cannot safely and effectually be used upon human beings without being previously tested on rodents. In one class (Table A) the total number of experiments was 1,516, and in the other (Table B) 5,984. Nearly all the latter were inoculations (made, under anaesthetics, upon rodents), with the object of diagnosing rabies. The licensees have been loyal to the spirit of the act, and there were only two cases in which the letter of the law was quoted as showing the difficulties of interpreting the act in relation to inoculation:

"The first case was that of a licensee who holds a certificate A (dispensing with anaesthetics) for the inoculation of guinea pigs with tuberculous matter. In his annual return he reported four inoculations (as performed under A), for which an anaesthetic was administered. It was necessary to take notice of this, because certificate A is never allowed except for proceedings so slight as to cause no appreciable pain. This gentleman has explained to me that anaesthetics were used because it was necessary to insure perfect tranquility while a minute incision was made in the skin, but that after the recovery from the anaesthetic the animals never afforded any evidence of discomfort. This being the case, it is possible that the experiment might have been performed under the license alone, but it clearly could not be allowed under certificate A, as used in relation to inoculations. The second case was that of a gentleman who holds a license only, and who returned four experiments, which consisted in the attempt (which failed) to give ringworm to four mice by applying the fungus which is the cause of the disease to the backs of the animals by a few bloodless scratches without anaesthetics. It would be cruel, rather than otherwise, to administer an anaesthetic for such a proceeding. No experiment under the license alone, however, can be performed without an anaesthetic, and the licensee held no certificate enabling him to dispense with anaesthetics. It might possibly be contended that such a proceeding is not 'an experiment calculated to give pain' within the meaning of the act. This, however, is a question which has to be decided by the licensee and those who sign his application for a license."—N. Y. Times.

An Abiding Perfume.

Nearly six years ago a farmer who was bringing five or six carboys of essence of peppermint in town had a runaway on West Franklin street near the Christian church, and five of the carboys were broken. Owing to the value of the essence, his loss amounted to something like $1,500, a total loss, with no insurance. The point in reviving the incident is that the pungent odor of the liquid, which heavily burdened the atmosphere in that vicinity for months, still clings to the earth where the liquid was spilled, and the neighborhood small boy delights in mystifying the uninformed by picking up clods of the earth and calling attention to the odor. Occasionally, when the atmospheric conditions are right, the odor rises in such quantity as to be noticeable to passers-by.—Elkhart (Ind.) Review.

Anxious to Sell.

Miss Bigfist (purchasing for a male friend)—Have you any gentlemen's gloves?

New Clerk (glancing at her hand)—No, miss; but I think I can find a ladies' size that will fit you.—Up-to-Date.

Rising to the Situation.

She—The man I marry must have done something.

He—I'm your man, then.

"What have you done?"

"Just fallen heir to a million very unexpectedly."—Puck.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

—No. 1—"The second time I saw him I was engaged to him." No. 2—"What caused the delay?"—Life.

—A New Model.—"Johnny, what do you mean by 'the bird is moulting?'" "Gittin' its '97 feathers, mum."—Truth.

—"I's kind o' worried," said Uncle Eben, "'bout de kind o' patriotism dat pays cash foh its fireworks an' dodges its taxes."—Washington Star.

—Frank—"Some genius in Birmingham has invented a buttonless shirt." Billy—"Why, that's old. I've worn them ever since my wife learned to ride a bike."—Tit-Bits.

—Brave to Recklessness.—Englishman—"Some of our English girls are quite expert with the gun, don't you know. Lady Eva Wyndham shot six man-eating tigers in India." American Girl—"If they were eating nice men she did just right."—N. Y. Weekly.

—Mrs. Meddleby—"Your husband has turned out to be such a bad man that I suppose you will never marry again?" Widow Weeds—"Well, I won't go so far as that; but I will say that if I ever should marry again, it will be with another man."—Boston Transcript.

—Dusty Rhodes—"Say, Boss! Can yer help a poor man just out o' a Cuban prison?" Mr. Touched—"Ain't you the same man that stopped me yesterday as a sufferer from the Mississippi floods?" Dusty Rhodes—"Yes, sir; I'm havin' an awful run o' hard luck."—Truth.

—The Real Insult.—"Do I understand you to say, prisoner, that you knocked him down because he called you a dirty liar?" "Yes, your honor. I couldn't stand it. If there is one thing I have always prided myself on more than anything else it is my cleanliness."—Chicago Tribune.

—"Are you aware," said the garrulous boarder, "that oxtail soup was the invention of the French refugees, who used to beg the oxtail because they had no money to buy soup bones?" "In other words," said the Cheerful Idiot, "they were reduced to the last extremity."—Indianapolis Journal.

SUICIDE AND THE SEXES.

More Frequent with Men—Will Increase with Women.

At the present day man is much more prone to suicide than woman. This is true of man in regard to epilepsy, crime and other marked signs of degeneration. But it has been observed that as woman approaches man in her mode of life she also becomes more familiar with those abnormal conditions which have previously been peculiar to men. The comparative immunity of woman from self-destruction in the past has depended greatly upon the relatively less harassing part she has taken in the struggle for life. To-day it is different. Now woman occupies the fields of art, literature, finance, and even politics, and, as she goes deeper into these vocations, she must expect to suffer the consequences. Already it is noticeable that feminine suicide is not now entirely due to the sentimental causes of disappointed love, desertion and jealousy, but to those trials of a more material order, such as have led men to the act of self-destruction.

Imitation far exceeds any other of what are called "trivial causes" of suicide, and asserts itself more in woman than in man. It is much more common than is supposed. When self-destruction becomes epidemic, as it sometimes does, its prevalence very largely depends upon imitation. It is said that many years ago the wail of Thomas Hood over "The One More Unfortunate" brought many a sentimental person to a watery grave in the Thames. And in our own day the vivid representation of suicide upon the stage under conditions appealing forcibly to the imagination has been known to be followed by the self-imposed death of persons whose conditions resembled closely those of the suicide in the drama.

Attempts have been made to prove that climate has an effect upon the rate of suicide, but these attempts have never done more than show that the temperate regions have the highest ratio. This, of course, is not due to the climate, but to the more complicated civilization, the greater physical and mental wear and the more extensive interference with natural laws met with in the temperate regions. While it is true that climate exerts but little influence over the rate of suicide, the seasons, on the contrary, do strongly affect it. The popular belief is that suicide is more frequent during the months of winter and spring. This, however, is incorrect. Cold, wet, damp weather does not, as so many people suppose, promote despondency and suicide. Strange as it may seem, at that period of the year when the sufferings of the poor and the sick are least, when employment is more readily obtained, when the pleasure of living should be at its highest, suicide is most frequent. May, June and July, the months of song and sunshine in all countries, give the greatest number of self-murders. For this there is no satisfactory explanation, unless we accept that of the medical fraternity, which is that during the period of early summer the organism is working at a higher tension, every function of mind and body is more active than at any other period of the year, and consequently there is greater liability to sudden physical and mental collapse. — Popular Science Monthly.

A Real Calamity.

Guy—Pity Cholly is so awfully deformed, doncherknow?

Bertie—Poor fellow! What's the matter with him?

"Why—aw—his neck's so doocidly short that he always has to wear a turn-down collar."—Pick-Me-Up.

Would Try.

"And do you think you can make my daughter a happy woman?" asked the father.

"I guess so," replied the young man. "What make wheel does she prefer?"—Yonkers Statesman.